the rebels to take them in, but this was also refused.

"The firing on both sides continued to rage. A tall, thin, spare man arose between the lines. He looked so steadily toward the Confederates that we were all impressed with the idea that he was insane from the pain of his wounds and the awful thirst which the intense heat added to that caused by the fever of his wounds.

"Someone, impressed with the idea that he was crazy, shouted not to shoot him, on that account. He turned around, saw our flags planted along the breastworks. We could see the poor fellow smile as he picked up his equipments and started to come toward us. He just took two steps when he was struck dead, falling flat upon his face. In front of the abatis, which was badly torn by the artillery fire, lay the form of a man wearing a fine uniform and the shoulder-straps of a Captain. He had dark hair, side whiskers and mustache. He seemed to be about 28 years old, and a very handsome, manly-looking fellow. He lay amongst a pile of dead, and I thought he was also dead.

"That terrible day we had no time for sorrow for the fallen; we were burning a whole lot of powder ourselves, and so we passed the day, both sides firing at anything that moved. When night came on, the front rank took the first detail, which meant to stand up and keep a steady fire on the rebel works, so as to prevent them from coming out to rob our wounded and dead comrades. This, however, was impossible, as they would

COME OUT IN THE DARK,

and go all over the field. The Confederates seemed to be imbued with no idea of discipline outside the rage of battle.

At daybreak both ranks stood up to face another day's awful work. Our gallant cooks brought us two camp-kettles of hot coffee. They were George Wolf and Thomas McCluskey, who always looked out for the company, no matter what the danger might be. The greater their risk the more proud they felt to perform their duty to us.

"After swallowing my coffee and hard-tack, I took my rifle and went to my lookout hole to see how the field appeared by daylight. It looked far worse than the day before, for the bodies were all one color now, black and swollen so as to appear ready to burst their clothing. Most of the wounded had died; the body of the Captain, that I had so often looked at regretfully, was nowhere to be seen. What could have happened to him, I wondered? I was sure he could not have been carried away, for we watched the field too closely by the musketry flashes to prevent that being done. During the forenoon some of our men made him out over near the other side; and, sure enough, he was alive, lying on his back, fanning himself with a rebel hat—a black one, with a very broad brim. Some rebel had got to him during the night and swapped hats.

"Why, I thought, did he not show some sign of life yesterday, when we could have chucked him a canteen of water and some crackers, and perhaps we might have tried to get him in during the night. But there he lay, with none but God to help him, beneath that burning sun, which soon ended the tortures of most of the wounded. At Cold Harbor some of them lived for four long days, but here it was hotter, as the sun was stronger now.

"The heat was terrible, but the firing on both sides never ceased. The rebel works were higher than ours, which gave us this much advantage, that when a man

LOOKED THROUGH HIS LOOPHOLE

on the other side he would shut off the sky light, while our rear was darkened by the screen of brush planted to mask the operations at the entrance to the mine, so our loopholes showed no light whether in use or not. Towards evening it was reported that we were to be relieved as soon as it grew dark. I gazed at the poor Captain, and my feelings got the better of me, and I made up my mind not to allow the gallant fellow to die there in agony, and as the evening closed in my resolution to save him became more fixed.

"I turned to Alexander Collins (now at Dayton, O.) and told him to write to my parents if I did not return. I asked Serg't John Martin to take care of my equipments, and prepared to carry out my idea. He now resides at No. 668 East 163d street, New York City. I wanted it to be just dusk, but not so dark that the men could not see the loopholes of the rebels, and so make it dangerous for anyone to look through.

"So I studied the gloaming. I got an empty cracker-box, stood it upon end against the breasworks, got the men to brace hard against it and give me a good spring in my leap, and told them to throw the box after me. Ready, and out I sprang headforemost with such force that I landed away out on the abatis among the dead, where I tried to appear as one of those whose last fight was fought.

"I kept quiet for some minutes, and saw that my comrades that I had left were getting to work in dead earnest and firing rapidly, which would keep the enemy from the loopholes. This gave me fresh courage, and I started to crawl along the ground, pushing the dead bodies so as to cover my movements in my return rather than in advancing.

"When I reached where the Captain lay I could feel the concussion of the rebel guns upon my face. I lay alongside him,

WHISPERED TO HIM

to roll upon my back. He asked me to which side I belonged. When I told him he asked for a drink of water. I whispered to him to roll over and he would soon get water enough, as I was a Union soldier. He replied, 'Then I am willing to die.' With my load, I started to crawl towards our lines, making about three inches with each effort, until I reached the abatis, which I could not pull him through, and asked someone to lend me a hand, which was done by the Orderly-Sergeant of Co. C of our regiment, who jumped over to me.

"It was now getting dark, so we lifted him over the sticks and threw him over the works into the arms of our comrades, eager to receive him. An officer gave him a flask half full of whisky, and after a long pull at it he revived a little.

"I ran through the brigade to find a stretcher, and when I got back he was surrounded by a crowd of our men. I picked out four of the many that volunteered to carry him to the rear, and started for the main line of works. When crossing the Norfolk Railroad track I tripped on the first rail, it was so dark, and fell on my knees. I tried to keep him from striking the ground, but he did, and gave a great cry of pain.

"'Captain,' I said, 'I could not help it.'

"'I know it,' he replied; 'you must not mind me; could I find fault with one who is doing so much for me, after what you have already done? You are a stranger, but you have played the part of a brother in going out to where I lay to fetch me in. You will be well rewarded for your work this day. Hold on; don't lift me up yet. Last night, when I was crawling over the field, I saw men moving around, and knew what they were after, so I took my meerschaum pipe, a present from my friends when I left home, and a $10 gold-piece, and hid them where they would not be likely to look for them. The first fellow was satisfied with my pocketbook; the next took my soft hat and threw me this hard one, which did me

GOOD SERVICE IN THE HEAT

as a fan. He took my sword, belt, and pistol. Now, Sergeant, take these as a small token from me.' I told him that his pipe would be a comfort to him while getting well in the hospital.

"Fortunately, we found an ambulance at the entrance of the approach to the mine. We put him into it, and bid him good-by. He tried hard to get me to go with him and see his leg amputated. And such a leg as it was; swelled so big in his trousers that it threatened to burst the clothing.

"As we lifted him in a shower of white maggots—great big ones—fell from his trousers leg to the ground. It was hard to part with him, he pleaded so for me to come along with him. I promised to see him next day, and returning towards the mine, I met my regiment, and with it marched back to our old position on the bank of the Appomattox River.

"Next morning, Aug. 1, I hurried through with my duties, got leave of absence, and started for the Ninth Corps hospital, where the Steward took me to where the Captain lay. He told me not to talk too much, or disturb him, as he was very weak, his leg not having been long taken off. When I asked why it had not been taken off the previous night, he replied, 'Oh, you are the Sergeant he spoke about as having brought him in off the field.'

"I found the poor fellow very weak, but very glad to see me.

"'I wish you had come with me last night,' he said. 'I passed a terrible time. The doctors were all exhausted from overwork, and not one could be found to attend to me until to-day.'

"I said that if I had known that, I might have prevailed upon them to attend to him.

"'Well,' he said, wearily, 'I only hope that God will spare my life until my father comes. I have sent a telegram to him, and he will be here as soon as steam can bring him.'

"I shook his hand and

BID HIM GOOD-BY,

he asking me to come and see him every day, which I promised to do.

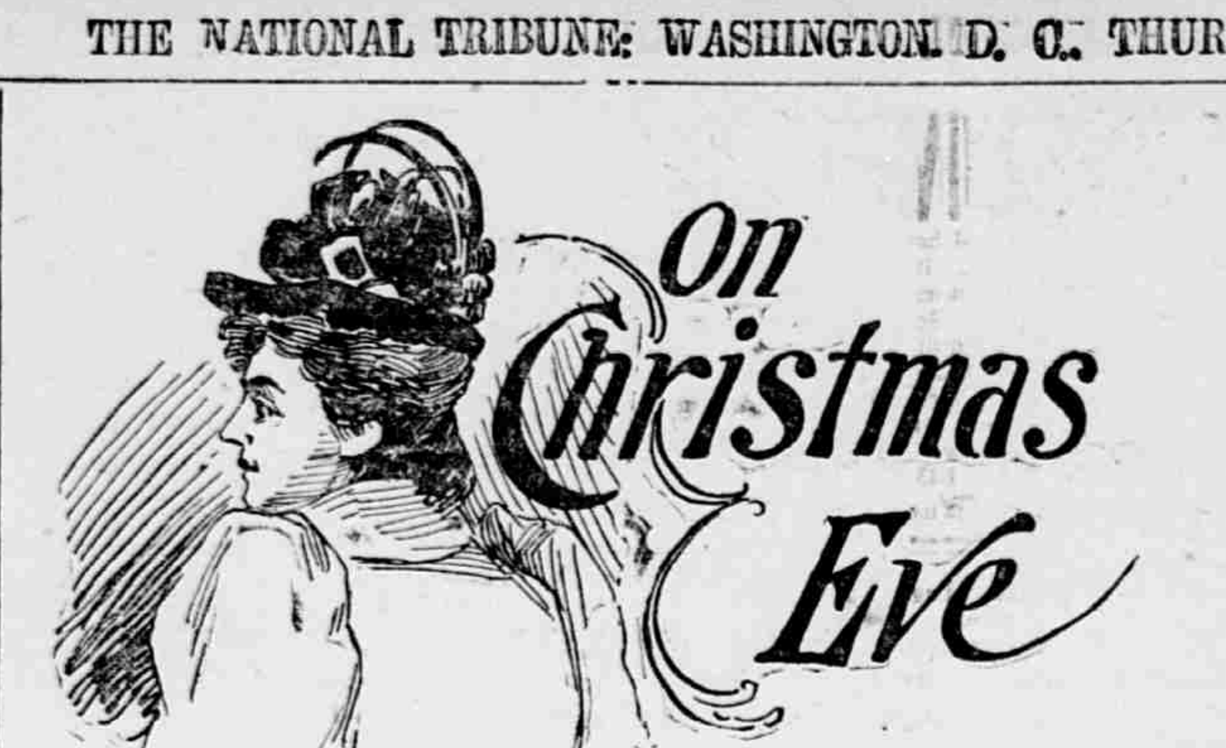
"The next day I got Serg't Martin to go with me to the hospital, but on reaching the ward where he had lain the cot was gone, and one of the attendants, pointing to the end of the ward, said, 'You will find him there.' And he was, poor fellow, or rather all that was mortal of him, covered with ice and canvass—all that was left of that handsome, gallant fellow. The Surgeon expected the arrival of his father, or he would have been at once buried, as bodies were not long kept above ground in those dreadful days.

"The poor fellow was Capt. Hector H. Aiken, 29th U. S. (colored troops), and was supposed to have come from Quincy, Ill. His father came too late to close his eyes, and though he searched all over for me, I never met him; but his son's untimely fate has always caused me a pang; and I think he was dying when I left him on the previous day."

Lieut. Jamieson is more widely known under the nom-de-plume of "Sam Colyer," which he made famous in the prize ring. For several years he was lightweight champion of the United States, having defeated Billy Edwards, Barney Aaron, and some 10 or 12 other noted pugilists. He made and lost several fortunes, and is one of the most openhearted and generous of men. He is noted for his love of truth and honesty, and is generally beloved by all who know him.

A remarkable feature of his life is that he was never known to use bad language, no matter how angry he might be. At one time he was in the theatrical business, and made a great deal of money. As an acrobat, the late P. T. Barnum paid him a salary of $400 a week.

Taken altogether, the life of Lieut. Jamieson has been an extraordinary one and full of adventure from his earliest days to the present hour.



On Christmas Eve

No matter where men may be, no matter how far away from home they may go or how long they may stay away, when Christmas comes their minds revert to the loved ones of their childhood—tender memories of a mother, a sister, perhaps a sweetheart, are revived, and a longing seizes them to be back again amid the old familiar scenes.

With each recurrence of the glad season which heralds peace on earth to men of good will, this longing crept into Richard Jennings's heart, stifling all interest in the fluctuation of wool on 'Change, and making positively distasteful to him all talk about the prospects of next year's cotton crop or the rumored Wall street combine to effect a "corner" in wheat.

Whenever Christmas approached he began to realize his loneliness, and he regarded with envy the people hurrying along the street carrying bundles of toys and candies and costlier presents to their homes.

Home! That sacred place is not to be violated at such a season by the presence of a stranger, and Richard Jennings's Christmases were spent alone. He was always glad when they were over, and he could again become absorbed in business cares.

For the past 10 years he had been a member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, and was rated at $100,000. He had no taste for society, and although he belonged to several of the best clubs in that charming old town, he could not be called a clubman. His tastes, his cravings, were domestic, but they remained unsatisfied. Little was known of his previous history. He was not communicative, and his business acquaintances were not inquisitive.

One evening, just four days before Christmas, Mr. Jennings returned to his handsomely-furnished residence and astonished his housekeeper by telling her he was "going home for Christmas." She had been in his service for more than five years, and believed that all his relatives were dead, as she had never heard him speak of them.

"Here's something for you for Christmas," he said, handing her a $10 bill; "and I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I'm going East."

Sarah, in her rich, honest brogue, thanked him.

There was a new light in his face. Sarah, who was shrewd, noticed it. For 17 years this man had been away from home, and during his absence his parents had died, while he was riding wild ponies in Texas or digging gold in Colorado, or gambling it away in Kansas City faster than he had gathered it.

As the train sped eastward over the level lands of Illinois and Indiana, through the rich farm lands of Ohio, and then amid the wooded hills and streams of his own native Pennsylvania—fairer than them all—his mind traveled backward from the present Richard Jennings, successful broker and respectable member of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, to the dissipated days of his fresh young manhood, when his wild life had separated him forever from one he could never forget.

As the train approached Philadelphia and he looked out of the window at the numerous domes and spires and cupolas he reflected how time, which had wrought such a difference in the appearance of the city, must have changed the sweet girl of 18, from whom his own misdeeds had sundered him.

They had been sweethearts from childhood. But old Ezra Kent, her father, was a stern man, and when stories got abroad about the dissipated set of which Richard soon became the leader, and when one day he came home from his counting-house and found Richard—"Dick," everybody called him then—intoxicated, he said it was the last time Eleanor should receive him. She was a dutiful girl. It wounded her life, but she obeyed. The Kents came of stern stuff, and beneath Eleanor's gentle womanliness lay heroic strength.

After that Richard Jennings's intoxicated habits became a public scandal, and when his sister married Will McCray, a promising young lawyer, (Eleanor was maid of honor,) he disappeared from home.

Now he was returning a very different man, and regretful that he had staid away so long. It was such a short journey from the Mississippi to the Schuylkill he wondered that he had not before summoned enough courage to return. Seventeen years.

For the 20th time he drew forth a letter and read it with the same absorbed interest as if for the first time:

DEAR DICK: Will met Mr. Coles last week. He had just come from St. Louis, and said he met you there. You naughty boy! Why have you never written or come home to see us? We want you to spend Christmas with us. All the children are crazy to see you. There are five now. The baby, a beautiful girl, is 10 months old and has two teeth. The children often talk about Uncle Dick. Eleanor has told them so many Tom-Brown-at-Rugby-sort of stories about you when you were at the university. Mr. Kent failed four years ago and died last March. Eleanor and her mother still live in the old house. They are very poor. Eleanor teaches music and sings at St. Bride's. Mrs. Kent looks very old, but she sews beautifully and makes the prettiest things for the baby. Do come and spend Christmas with us. The children are dying to see you, and so am I and Will.

Ever your loving sister, MARY MCCRAY.

P. S.—The childrens' names are Mary, Alex—he's named after father, of course,—Sam, Dick—after you,—and Eleanor, the baby. She's a little angel!

* * * * *

The street where Richard Jennings's home was, where he was born, and where his married sister lived, had once been fashionable. You could tell that from the houses—big, broad, roomy, old-fashioned brick residences of a bygone day, with quaint colonial doorways, elaborately carved, the lintels in many cases supported by the classic Ionic or Doric columns affected by the builders of a century ago.

But their glory had departed. The spirit of decay had fallen upon them, and the children of those who built them had moved to finer and more modern homes.

But the Jenningses and the Kents were an exception. They had withstood the general exodus and continued to live in the house which had been their family roof-tree for nigh 100 years. They were plain, quiet, conservative people, and not of the "smart" sort, like the gay, fashionable families who had all moved away.

* * *

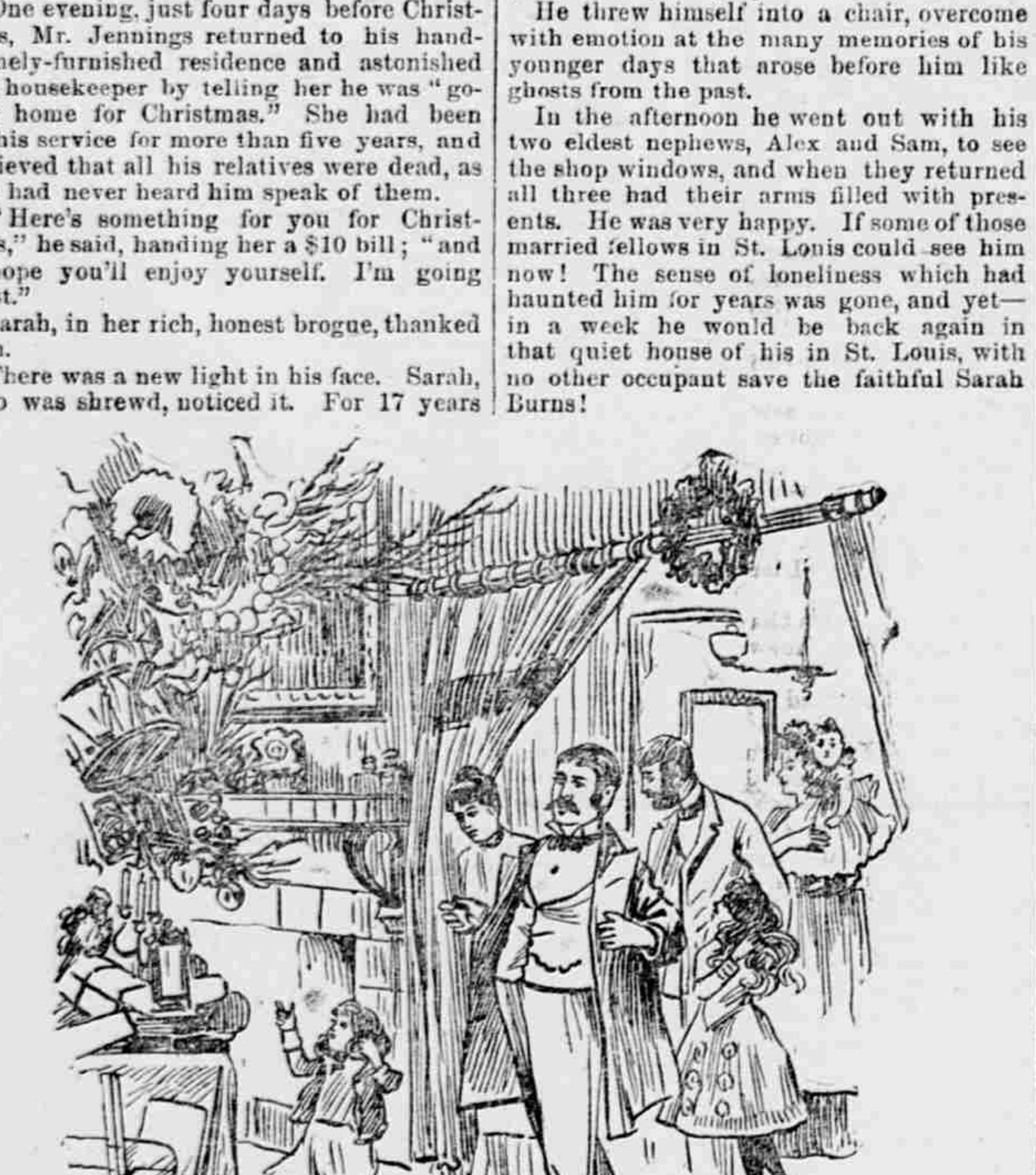
"Here's Uncle Dick!" shouted the boys as they grabbed his big traveling bag almost before the hackman had time to carry it into the hallway.

Hugs and kisses were exchanged all around, and his sister wept a few sweet memorial tears. He had grown so like his father, she thought. Ah, if mother could see him now—that mother whose patient, loving face was pictured on canvas in the quaint, old-fashioned frame hanging on the parlor wall.

His nephew, Alex, a handsome lad, led him up to the same room in the old-fashioned house which he had occupied when a boy, furnished with the same high-backed, rush-seated chairs, and the low bed, with tall, carved corner posts; the old prints and knicknacks and books. And over the fire-place was a photograph of Eleanor Kent!

He threw himself into a chair, overcome with emotion at the many memories of his younger days that arose before him like ghosts from the past.

In the afternoon he went out with his two eldest nephews, Alex and Sam, to see the shop windows, and when they returned all three had their arms filled with presents. He was very happy. If some of those married fellows in St. Louis could see him now! The sense of loneliness which had haunted him for years was gone, and yet—in a week he would be back again in that quiet house of his in St. Louis, with no other occupant save the faithful Sarah Burns!



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was Christmas Eve. All the lights were burning brightly in the McCray mansion. Uncle Dick and the children—he had never realized before what good companions children were—had been busy all afternoon decorating the huge Christmas tree. Against evening it was a glorious sight to behold. The children had never been so happy. All of them had gotten an unusually large number of presents. Uncle Dick alone had bought three or four each, even the baby. In the big sitting-room the presents were displayed on an old mahogany table that reminded you of some wild beast of the forest when you gazed down at the formidable looking claws which served for its feet. But the table could not contain them all, so several chairs were placed on either side of it to hold the overflow exhibition.

As the evening waned Uncle Dick and Papa McCray lit their cigars and went out for a walk. They had been gone but a few minutes when there was a ring at the doorbell, and Eleanor Kent and her aged mother entered, both bringing presents for the children.

Although dressed very plainly, Eleanor never looked handsomer. The 17 years which had passed since her early and only love affair had touched her lightly. She was now 35, but looked much younger.

She was a great favorite with the children, who called her "Aunt Eleanor." They showed her the tree, the presents, and then—"Uncle Dick's home," they said, watching her face to see a reflection there of their own delight at the return of one whom she had so often told them about. But only a little nervous smile trembled on her lips and died. And very soon afterward she must return home. She must write the names of her Sunday-school scholars in the pretty, cheap books she had bought for them, and practice the offertory she was to sing on the morrow, and, and——

But the children would not hear of it. They dragged her to the piano and forced her to play for them as they sang "Jolly Old St. Nicholas." They shouted the rollicking song with such a lusty chorus that old Mrs. Kent was afraid they would awaken the baby, whose wrath when angered was terrible; but Mrs. McCray reassured her and begged Eleanor to sing the offertory she was to sing at St. Bride's—"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." But Eleanor did not know it without music. Her hands strayed over the keys, making little impromptu chords and cadences, and then struck the prelude to Tosti's "Memories," one of those songs that play upon the human heart-strings. Many a time when alone she sang it, but it was not a song for Christmas Eve; it was too sad.

As Richard Jennings and his brother-in-law re-entered the house, the sound of her rich, sweet voice reached his ears.

"Who is singing?" asked Richard.

"It's Eleanor Kent," was the reply.

Low and clear and sweet the words, molten into music, reached their ears:

"There is no note of all your songs of yore
That does not speak to me of you once more,
There is no place we two have ever seen
That does not whisper of the might have been.
There is no path of all that once we knew
That does not hold some memories of you.
Still though they call the wild tears to mine eyes,
I would not yield them for a paradise."

The two men entered the room softly, and Eleanor went on singing, unconscious of their presence:

"There is no hand-clasp that you ever gave
That does not live, though love be in its grave."

Richard Jennings drew nearer to his old sweetheart, gazing intently at her lovely face. An instant later and he held her in his arms and imprinted a fervent kiss on her blushing cheek.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ONE ON THE CAPTAIN.

He Discovered That the Sailor Had More Wit Than Politeness.

[*London Tid-Bits.*]

The Captain of a certain sailing vessel is probably the most polite officer in the whole mercantile service. He has, however, a great idea of his importance, and loses no opportunity of impressing it upon his crew. In particular, he insists upon being addressed as "Sir" by everyone on board. One day a new hand joined the ship, and a short time after leaving harbor, being a seasoned old salt, he was intrusted with the wheel. The Captain came up and put the usual question:

"How's her head?"

"Nor'-by-east," answered the old tar, very gruffly.

"My man," suavely answered the Captain, "on this craft, when one of the crew speaks to me, he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you might do so, too? Now, how's her head?"

"Nor'-by-east, I tell yer," shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the Captain good humoredly. "Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then do you take my place and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered." They accordingly changed places.

"'Ow's 'er 'ead?' roared the tar.

"Nor-by-east, sir," replied the Captain, with emphasis on the "sir."

"Then keep her so, my man, whilst I goes forward and has a smoke," was the startling rejoinder from the old reprobate, who calmly commenced to suit the action to the word.

For the first time on record the Captain lost his temper.

The Anatomy of Speed Skating.

[*Popular Science Monthly.*]

The typical speed skater has a short body, capacious, round chest, with well-developed back; his thighs are strong and very long, as are also his legs. His feet are large and flat. His weak points are his calves, due to the long, flat skate to which his flattened foot is so closely bound. The large muscles of his chest are not exercised, and his arms, held lying idly along his back, are unused except in an occasional spurt, when they are brought down and swung straight from the shoulder. They say that they catch less wind held that way, and that the position is restful to the tense extensors of the back. This is, no doubt, true, but the result is disastrous to symmetrical development. This type of figure is seen at its best in such skaters as the Donahues, McCormick, the old-time professional, who still skates a fast race although now 40 years of age, and in Wilson Breen, a professional, who has been a winner of much gold and glory by means of his long legs and powerful thighs.

The conclusion that speed skating alone is not a good exercise to develop a well-built, symmetrical man will be patent to any one who reviews the facts. If indulged in, it should be, as done by McCulloch, in conjunction with other forms of athletics which bring into action the muscles of the arm, calf, shoulders, and chest.

Multiplication of the Lower Classes.

[*Popular Science Monthly.*]

Long living and many who live long is as important an element in the increase of population as numerous births. All the children born in the United States in the year 1891, who die before they are eight years old, will not increase the population either in numbers or effective strength so much as one man born in that year who lives to be 30. The man, independently of his greater usefulness, will be counted as an inhabitant in three censuses; the children will be counted in none.

Paupers, savages, and other people of low life are often supposed to multiply very fast because they seem to be so reckless in the number of children that are born to them. But the same shiftlessness which brings the children into the world surrounds them with conditions that destroy them. Negroes are supposed to be very prolific; but the death-rate among them in cities is almost double the death-rate among whites; and the death-rate among negro children is more than double the death-rate among white children. The woman of the slums who was recently reported to have said that she ought to know something about the nurture of children because she had buried 14 of her own, was doubtless a person of excellent intentions; but she has not done so well for the republic as some less boastful mother who has raised one son to maturity.

A Yankee Deputy.

The tables were turned in a surprising manner on an exultant crook by a smart Yankee Deputy Sheriff in York County, Me., last week. The Deputy was after the crook, and came up with him just across the border in New Hampshire. The crook was safe from the Deputy's warrant there, but in order to be safer he boarded a train for the interior of the State. That was his mistake. The Deputy boarded the same train, and took a seat near the crook. At a point a few miles ahead the railway track ran across a corner of York County, Me. The Deputy knew this, but the crook didn't. When the line was crossed the Deputy pulled the bell rope, stopped the train, dragged the crook out of his seat, put him off the train, and arrested him.

Poor Pay Indeed.

[*San Francisco Examiner.*]

One dollar for nearly a year of very hard work was all that the crew of the whaling bark Lydia received when they were paid off in San Francisco recently. They worked for their food and a share in the profits of the cruise, and this season has been the worst whaling season in many years.

SERVICE PENSION.

What the Comrades All Over the Country Say About It.

I have seen quite a number of the comrades, and we all agree that a Service Pension, straight and simple, is the thing. I served 135 days, and it would not be right to cut me off with $1.35 a month. It was not my fault that I did not get in earlier. I enlisted in 1863, but was rejected, because I was too young and too small. I was again rejected for the same causes in 1864, but I got in as soon as I could.—L. W. BARR, Florida, O.

What the comrades of the Congressional district of Adams, Cumberland, and York Counties want is THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE'S Per Diem Service Pension Bill, as it is the only one that will, we think, be a benefit to those who endured long service. Let the G.A.R. Pension Committee see to it that it is passed this Winter. It can be done, if the boys who wore the blue throughout the United States work together by subscribing for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, which has been the true and only friend of the old veterans in the past. So, let us build up THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, and it will see that the boys who wore the blue and bravely fought for a good cause will get justice in the future.—HENRY C. Springer, Co. G, 166th, and Co. D, 202d Pa., Andersontown, York County, Pa.

I am strongly in favor of a Service Pension, as are all the veterans with whom I have talked. I hope that you will be as successful in getting it through as you have been with other pension legislation you have advocated.—W. P. LOWRIMORE, Nauvoo, Ala.

Our Post is strongly in favor of the Service Pension, and hopes that Congress will pass such a bill this Winter. We will do all we can to help you—ALBERT RAYORD, Crawfordsville, Ark.

Hurrah for the Service Pension. Give the old boys what they actually earned. That is all they ask.—G. H. BAKER, Co. G, 11th Wis., Chilton, Wis.

An Imposition.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: One of the greatest impositions upon the Grand Army of the Republic and the old soldiers generally, and one that long ago should have been sat down upon, is soldier tramps. Scarcely a day passes but we are called upon to contribute to the wants of someone calling himself a comrade in distress. Some are away from home and cannot get back; others have been, to hear them tell it, trying for months to get to some Soldiers' Home, and want a night's lodging; and various other reasons are given for their great distress. Now, to the old soldiers that story has grown threadbare, and they have come to pay little attention to the cry of these professional beggars, for such they are, or at least the most of them. There may be some extreme cases where their wants are real and their story an honest one, but in most cases they are looked upon as professional bums. The idea that any man who was an honorable soldier having to start out on a pretense that they are compelled to go to the Soldiers' Home, and that they are expecting aid from comrades all along the route, who have enough of the same vim left in them that carried them through the ravages of war, to help them through. Now, if this is not an absurdity, what would be a proper name for it? It seems reasonable, in most cases at least, that a man that had been a true Union soldier should and would have enough friends in the community in which he lived that would, in case of his becoming unable to care for himself, be willing to assist him in getting to the Home without his having to tramp through the country, and depend upon the charity of strangers. I know full well that no comrade has ever been compelled to do so from our community, neither will they. The good people of Indiana, who were true to us from 1861 to 1865, are still true and willing to assist us yet, provided we are honestly trying to help ourselves. I for one am getting tired of this dead-beatism, for such it is in a great measure, and if among the many there may be some who are honest in all they do and say, they are the real sufferers in the end. When there is a Home provided for the reception of all old soldiers and their wives who are not able to care for themselves, there are certainly friends enough to send them there without imposing upon those who do not know them. No comrade should allow himself to become so thoughtless as to leave home and go out among strangers on such errands, with such excuses as most of them have. No! no! Let us be men! You don't have to be a pauper unless you by your indolence make yourself one. There are plenty of Homes for you, good ones too. If you were a true soldier, they are yours; if you were not, they are not your Homes, and you should not be allowed admission thereto. So let us call a halt in this imposition, and protect rather than impose upon our comrades.—VETERAN, Princeton, Ind.

A Fine Showing.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In response to your call for a report from the Posts as to what they are doing to increase their membership, I would say that Sheridan, Post, 18, Department of Montana, G.A.R., this city, has been working vigorously during the year along this line, and in December will report to Department Headquarters an increase in membership during the year of 100 per cent.

What Post more that five years of age can beat this record for 1895?—W. H. SAFFORD, Adjutant, Sheridan Post, 18, Great Falls, Mont.

Wants an Amendment to Disability Law.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The act of June 27, 1890, was not intended to be a dependent pension law. As to the soldier it is not, but his widow and orphans under 16 years, they must first show that they have no means of support, except what the widow may earn, or no pension for them.

A home worth $2,000 mortgaged for $1,500 deprives them of their pension. Advocate an amendment to that law providing that an income derived from her own labor, or rents from mortgaged real estate, or equities in real estate owned by her, shall not deprive her of her pension under said law. Its justice is apparent.—S. D. WILSON, Rockford, Ill.

Gen. Howard.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Speaking of Gen. Howard, there was recently a bridge gang working near my office, among whom was one of the 84th Ill. Learning that he was with Gen. Howard, I asked the comrade: "Tell me, did Gen. Howard live his religion every day? I have heard he was a Christian soldier." "You're —— right," said he. "Why, once our brigade band serenaded him, and when they were through Gen. Howard sent them out a pitcher of water."—C. A. HOWE, Co. G, 139th Ill., Wyanet, Ill.

Received the Flag.

I received your flag all right, and was very much pleased with it, and I hope that every veteran may send in six subscribers, and put THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE in every soldier's family in the land, for I think it is a grand paper, and it will stand by the old vets as long as there is one alive.—S. A. McCOMSEY, Fulton, Pa.